",base

Are just like the

Of our install-

NYE HAS A VISITOR

William Wress Feelingly of a Merry Little Mountain Maid,

AND TALKS CONFIDENTIALLY

ta an Antograph-Conjuof the York "Done."



"Sit down on the perch, Direlie," I said,

the sat down, but still remained taller than I was. I never saw a longer wanted person or one who was so uniformly of se size all the way down, as my friend Comstock says not Anthony, but anther man altogether. She had a chest like a grasshopper, and as she sat there with her long, sad face, reminding me of a horse with a sunbonnet on, I said to myself: "Shall I buy these berries and let her go home or wait till my wife

then remains forever unhappy? Shall I break up our happy home or not?"

She looked hungry too. She was. I would say that, regarding her from a Scriptural standpoint, she was without

The red bugs seemed to annoy her a cool deal on the ankles. That is how I rams to learn that her calves were on the front side. She reminded me of a Staten Island ferrybout—you couldn't always tell whether it was going over to rates Island or returning.

Staten island or returning.

She was a merry little mountain maid.

Ribink they call her about here Splayfoot

Sed, but it may be another girl who

pathers berries and has that name. I am Ticktown. It would do you good to see ber guildess ways. Some day she will marry a low set man with 11 dogs, and bischberries and rear their young, and they will never laugh, and he will never est applyxiated unless some neighbor in the fend business asphyxiates him with a double burnel shotgan, and their lives will be as even and as devoid of incident

they would be in the penitentiary. Yet they will be content. Never having seen Tiffany's store, they will not yearn for any of his goods. Never hav-ing boarded at Delmonico's, they will actually prefar bacon and corn bread or hominy. Two friends of Splayfoot Sal went into Asheville to work at Oakland heights. They did well for a month. Then they came to Miss Vanghan and mid they guessed they'd have to quit.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss V. Well, we can't live on this here truck you give no to eat,"

Why, don't you get the same that we all do? What do you have to est?" "Why, we get beefsteak and white four bread and weal and lamb meat and nickhoseks. Them don't sustain folks.

They just tantalize 'em." "What do you want?"

"Why, becon and corn bread. There's symmetric to left, but we can't work here week after week on goodies. We want somethin that won't 'vanish itself away' in a hour or two."

One old lady took a bite at the same

placesone day, being a sort of pensioner on the bounty of the proprietress. Miss V. gave her some vanilla ice cream. The old lady kept talking and running on about times and how hard they seemed. Then after evenging her knife aimiesely around and standing it up on the table surfule else sweeped down on the vanilla toe cream and spread some of it on her bread, talked some more, ale some more

and then burst out with: "Theh, Emilie, how cold yer butter

And yet these pinis people are se concerted as Thurber of Washington, who is private escretary for President Cleve-and. Thurber does not greet the glad norm more billhely than do these simple hildren of the vales of Plegah and the newy clearings and settlements of Roan numbels. Of course I do not know Mr. Charber, but life. Chemissid has promised as a belier to him, and I shall hope to all his obtention to the pure jey that mose not of unimeted powers alone, to him & to pleasant, of course, to mold medical minimates or make up an itinerry for the president. But let us passe, hereful, page to consider that, stirred in an enterf town, and worried over holding those district and worried over holding them side of the great national fabric agent side of the great national fabric agent side of the solar heat the president confident town, we are \$0,000,000 miles to the side of his solar heat. Other worlds of the latence.

disk of that, Thurber, whon you put our black cambaic sloves and reign, ski inagine Robert Browning call-for you if he were necessard watting to the front outry quite a long time de you quarroled with the cabinet or

told one of them who was a little nursly to remain with you after the others had e home. I say I could imagine sert coefing his book and shaking the her out of his ambrella in the front

genter from himself:
And yet I does that that is not dispensed.
Do you realize, Thurbut, that you and I and the Gorman conserve we cally seems in the case executry of nature.
Do you understand that men struggle to the class of a long lifetime and are seen bound of That they estady and veerk to got even an apportunity to appear on the stage, think a thought and retired Do you consider the fact that they fall even in that?

Why should you and I try, Thurbur, try to be great stars and be well think, when the measure fixed star into far away that it takes three years for its light to reach us, and he is not so very well fixed either?

e should not overestimate ourselves, ber. We should be modest. Look to pictures made to represent me. Id you stand that, Thurber? No.

in the Thirty-fifth Massachments Reports in Bingham versus Hingham, page 200 —vis, that correspondence purported to have been carried on by means of postal cards is not admissible as evidence, the search having dismissed the case with costs because the evidence hung upon matter written on a postal card.

He reminds me of you, Thurber, in the way he reprimated his superiors and mube them and ences them by postal card for laxness in sending two autographs at once—one for himself, I presume, and one for the cigars:

DRAM Ma. NYR—I seat to you a letter on the 201 day of February asking for two of your amographs. I included a 3-cent stamp. Now, I do not see why I have not received a reply. Is it because you did not receive my letter, or in it because you did not receive my letter, or in it because you did not receive my letter, or in it because you did not receive my letter, or in it he case with all humories, anwelling to oblige me, or is it for some other reason? Fray relieve my mind by replying and sending two autographs. I am a boy 10 years of age and go to the high school. Yours truly.

You do wrong, in the first place, in signing yourself Aleck I, or Smart Aleck I. Aleck MDCCCXCIII would be more appropriate, for I have other such postal cards.

But I will not try to brave it out,

But I will not try to brave it out, Alock. I alone am to blame. It is bet-ter to expose myself in the paper and let the whole world know what a wretch I

Aleck, I was unworthy of your trust. I used the stamp you sent me. I em-bezzled it. I wrote to my grandmother in Wisconsin and put that stamp on the letter. You know how times have been

I could not write to you and tell you what I had done. I was unable to right the great wrong or even confess it to you. Have pity on me, Aleck I, aged 16—have pity and let it go.

You speak harshly of humorists. That does not concern me. Your cold stabe per postal card fall harmlessly on my massive skull. When you revile the farmer, I writhe and quirm, but your attacks on the humorist do me good.

Hop on 'em, Aleck! They deserve it. They would be improved by it. Write them on the back of a postal card frequently. But go easy on us farmers.

quently. But go easy on us farmers. You can have no idea, Aleck, what a shrinkage there has been in values. It applies to everything. A week ago I had a World's fair watermelond Yesterday I went down to gloat over it. It had shrunk to a little dead melon that had been tapped twice!

Do not write me any more, however, Aleck. I do not build up a correspondence generally with those who write me

for two autographs.

There is another reason why in later years I have neglected my autograph friends, and I am sorry and ashamed to admit it here in public, but the consumptive young man who did my best autograph fact similars is dead.



HE READ ALL THREE LETTE I used to practice for days trying to do
it as well as he did, but never could get
it quite so accurate as he could. I
brought him here hoping that his lungwould heal and health return, but he exposed himself too much. He attended to
all my correspondence, read all the appealing, begging letters I received, letters asking me to lecture to a penitentiary or to other an actium with a few tiary or to open an asylum with a few characteristic remarks, assuring me that I would be blessed fourfold, when the writers had no authority to make such

promises, having no influence whatever. Well, he read all these letters as they came and overwept himself and cried into his overshoes a good deal and forge: change his socks, and so he died. In snewer to a northern friend I give

below the conjugation of the veri-"done." It is from advanced sheets of a new grammar which I am now working

stagular I done it. You done it. He or she

Sail More Singular - I done done it. Then or you done it. He done done it. Pinyal - We done it. You done it. They done

Physical Const. They done done it. They er you me your done it. The done gine done it. They er you done it. They done gine done it. You done no done it. They done gone done it. You done no done it. They done gone done it. You done no done it. They done gone done it. You done not young not you will or done it. They expert, could, would er done it. They or you might, could, would or done it. They might, could, would or done it. They might, could, would or done it. They might, could, would or should of the it. They might, could, would or should of the it. They might, could, would or should of done it.



TWO NEGRO STORIES.

They are Total by Congressions Alten and Are Bests Good.

Congressions John Allen, the bubbling humorist from Minissippi, is in great favor in Washington circles, for he generally has a bright story at his tongue's end. He was regaling a crowd of friends with some anothern stories, and among them was the one which follows, one of the few stories of Allen's that has not setten into print:

them was the one which follows, one of the few stories of Alien's that has not gotten into print:

Allen had employed on his place an ald negro servant who in times before the war was the property of the congressman's father. Old Uncle Bufus suffered frequent and ungovernable attacks of kleptomanis—attacks that seemed to be beyond all remedy. He was arrested time and time again for stealing articles from the place of his employer. Mr. Allen finally grew tired of attempting to reform his old servant, and he had him arrested for stealing a big piece of side meat from the plantation storehouse. It was the intention to have the servant serve out a brief time in the county juil for the offense, with the hope that the imprisonment would check him in his habit of stealing. The old man pleaded hard with the "young mahstah" to be released and recalled all the favore and kindnesses he had shown Mr. Allen when that dignitary was still a boy. Allen began to weaken on the line of this argument and was about to release the servant on the strength of his past services. He turned to Uncle Rufus with:

"Now, Uncle Ref, if you will bring back that side must and recoming means and construction of the strength of his past services. He turned to Uncle Rufus with:

"Now, Uncle Ref, if you will bring back that side must and recoming means and r

"Now, Uncle Rtf, if you will bring back that side meat and promise me on the Bible that you will never steal another thing off this plantation I will let you go. Furthermore, you will have to sign a paper promising on your solemn honor never to steal again."

Uncle Rufus hesitated for a moment. "Mahs John," said he, "Fze willin to gib you back de side meat. Yes, sab, I'll do dat. I'll do dat; but, now, look heah, Mahs John, you can't spect me to sign away my rights."

Allen's generous ways made him very popular with the old time negroes, and frequently he was called upon, without expectation of compensation, to defend them in suits for pilfering. On one oc-casion a colored preacher of the neigh-borhood was on trial for stealing some poultry from a neighbor. The preacher protested his innocence, and Allen made a very able defense for him.

The evidence, however, was very strong against the parson, and Mr. Alien saw that his client would probably be convicted. He whispered to him after the case had gone to the jury and told the case had gone to the jury to I told him to prepare to meet the worst. The preacher was a shrewd old fellow, but he could not just see how he was going to get out of the scrape. The jury was out only a few minutes, and the preacher lost all hope. After the jury had taken their seats and the foreman was beginning to read the verdict the old preacher jumped up from the seat and bayled out: bawled out:

'Yo' bonah, Fze"---"Sit down!" said the court, and turn-ing to the attorney, "What does the prisoner mean?"

"Yo' housh," persisted the prisoner, "I move dat dis co't do adjon'n." "Well," replied the court, somewhat amused, "how do you expect the court

to adjourn?" "Because," continued the prisoner, "a motion to adjou'n is always in ordah, sab."-Indianapolis Journal.

Something In Prospect. A ragged colored boy about 12 years old sot on the sidewalk in the full glare of the noonday sun with his back against the board fence. A very solid old man, walking with great dignity, came along and halted to look the urchin over and inquire:

"Boy, hain't I dun seen yo' sumwhar befo? Haint yo' de widder Taylor's

"Yes," was the reply.
"An what yo' loafin round yere in dis fashun fur?" "Am dat yo'r bizness?" saucily de-

"Am it? Am it? Waal, I should declar to reckon it was!" What yo' got ter do 'bout it?"

"What I got to do 'bout it? Why, boy, yo' doan' 'pear to know me! Permit me to interduce myself as de gem'lan who has bin co'rtin yo'r mudder fur de las' three weeks an who's dun gwine to marry her dis eavenin an become yo'r stepfadder! Look out fur me 'bout 7 o'clock tomorrer mawnin, boy! I'ze gwine to begin at dat airly hour to make yo' wish you'd nebber bin ho'n into dis yere stait of Alabama to sho' yo'r peariness?"—De-

troit Free Press. A Mean Joher.

Some men try to be funny on a very small mergin. "Are you going to the World's fair?" saked one Detroiter of another, meeting him on Woodward avenue,

"No? Well, you ought to." "I thought so myself until two weeks

You should not have changed your mind. It's an education to go there. I'm going, and you'd better go with me,"
"I don't care to go again."

"Yes. I've been. Went two weeks ago. Got back yesterday. That's why I changed my mind about going." Then he laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Haywood What does this mean on your nicce's card what lives in th'

Mrs. Meadow-She said that meant the was at home to her friends Thurs-

Only Thursdays? What does she do with the rest of her time?" "I'm sure I don't know, but I guess from her talk she spends most of it in in-telligence offices."—New York Weekly.

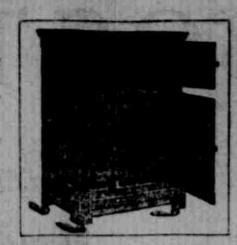
Pacing Temptation.
"Does you heah me talkin, Bree John-

"I beshe you!"
"Well, sub, I'm ergwine ter cross dat
fence on git down on my knees in det
watermelon patch en stay dar twel I gits
religion!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Little Gracie (in a port)—Oh, mamma, teacher told an awful lie today.

Mamma—Why, Gracie, what was it?

Gracie—She mid that Lincoln was a stear teller—Tanhes Ba-



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King Richard's cry, "My kingdom for a horse!" arouses little enthusiasm in these days when not a horse, but a Safety, is the one desire of all, both young and old.

It's right it should be so.

What,a more healthful or more delightful than a spin over smooth road? The cool air fans one's cheek as with shout and laughter

we skim along. Distance counts for nothing. Two, four, six miles we easily cover before breakfast, and with renewed health and vigorous appetites we begin a day of work or pleasure with cheerful thoughts and a clear brain because of an hour's use of our Safety.

-





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